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TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1903.

Tariff Slashers Warned.

A Democratic Statesman Who Adopts and Preaches the Iowa Idea.

Senator Bacon of Georgia gives the Democratic party some sensible and pertinent advice when he warns it against making the demolition of our tariff system an issue in the approaching Presidential campaign. The Georgia Senator comes from a section which has fought the battles of free trade for generations. He is allied by sentiment and training to a school which has long held protection for protection's sake a political and economical iniquity.

Yet he is open-minded enough to realize that the day of the old-fashioned tariff-smasher is past. Morrison bills, Mills bills, Wilson bills, are out of date. Free trade, even as a theory, has been discredited and abandoned, and future Democratic efforts to revise the tariff, Mr. Bacon announces, must be characterized by practicality, conservatism, and common sense.

As the senior Senator from Georgia puts it, legislation must be controlled by practical conditions. "The country, in its basis of values, has become adjusted to high tariff rates. They enter into business with many and important ramifications. The scale of prices for everything is in accord with the general scheme. We cannot suddenly disturb conditions which so vitally affect the entire country. I think we should pull some bricks off the top of the wall, but should not attempt to raze the whole wall to the ground."

This is eminently wholesome philosophy. The country is at present in no temper to tolerate any rash and hair-brained experimentation with the tariff schedules. The Wilson-Gorman bill of 1894 cured the American people of any desire they may have had to overthrow our economical and industrial system, to rebuild it afresh from its very foundations.

Mr. Bacon understands this and admits it freely when he says that "there can be no issue made in the American mind at this time between protection and a very low tariff." The only hope of tariff revision lies, in his opinion, in the spread of something like the "Iowa idea," the idea that tariff rates should be cut whenever the necessity for them has ceased or they are shown to shelter and foster industrial monopolies.

It is curious to find a Democratic Senator from Georgia and a Republican governor of Iowa advocating practically an identical tariff program. Yet Mr. Bacon and Governor Cummins seem to have reached a common conclusion by two very different routes. And perhaps neither of the great political parties can go far wrong in adopting the policy of cautious rational tariff revision, on which these two opposing observers of the drift of national sentiment so unexpectedly agree.

"Pressure" on Kaffir Labor.

The Proposals for a Modified Revival of Slavery in South Africa.

We shall be curious to see what the British government, now that Joseph Chamberlain has returned, will do to play into the hands of South African mine owners who say the mines cannot be worked profitably without "forced" labor.

White labor, they say, is too expensive, even if it could be had. Yellow (or Chinese) labor is not to be thought of, for reasons, presumably, similar to those which prevent its introduction into this country. There remains "black" labor, but even that cannot, they assert, be secured without "pressure."

The average Kaffir, like many of our colored fellow citizens in this country, will not work except he is obliged to. And he will not engage in work he doesn't like when he can secure some he does. For that, it seems to us, we shouldn't blame him.

But your South African mine owner is of a different opinion. He thinks the Kaffir is made to work for him, to dig and delve in the bowels of the earth, two thousand feet below the surface, in the daytime, and to sleep in a stockade, guarded by rifles, at night. And if underpaid and underfed, he should succumb, why, there are others to take his place. The problem of an adequate supply of Kaffir labor isn't the one that causes the mine owner any sleepless nights. It is how the "pressure" already referred to shall be exerted.

In order to force the Kaffirs to enter the stockades it is proposed to tax their miserable holdings—the hovels in which they live—so high that they will be compelled to work in the mines in order to pay their taxes. Simple device, isn't it? And worthy of a Christian nation! The "London Times" approves, and there are others who do not object. Sir William Harcourt alone has the courage to say that this course is "profoundly immoral."

We wonder whether the public conscience of the country will support him. We hope it may, but we have our doubts. The case seems hopeless when the leading newspaper of the country speaks of this proposed revival of slavery—for that is what it amounts to—as being "judicious economie and fiscal pressure."

It seems incredible that any British government, even with a Chamberlain as its guiding spirit, should countenance what its predecessor in the days of Wilberforce and Thompson had the courage to condemn.

The Rathbone "Charges."

A Prompt and Courageous Indorsement of General Wood's Conduct.

Men with clear consciences don't resort to methods for exonerating themselves, when charged with crimes, which involve the throwing of mud at their accusers.

Men charged with crime and convicted, if innocent, do not wait to secure a reversal of the verdict until witnesses and evidence are no longer accessible.

Men conscious of having done no wrong do not seize at legal technicalities to save themselves.

We are led to make these few remarks in view of the charges filed by E. G. Rathbone, formerly "director of posts" in Cuba, against Brig. Gen. Leonard Wood.

An innocent man answers charges of this character on the spot.

An innocent man doesn't wait a day, or week, or month, or years before demanding to be heard.

An innocent man can point to the record and invite the closest scrutiny.

An innocent man has no need of lawyers in such a case; his reputation is his best defense.

All this, and more, can be said of Brigadier General Wood.

Can as much be said of E. G. Rathbone?

We congratulate Secretary Root upon his courage in indorsing the Rathbone diatribe with the simple statement, "there is no foundation for the charges." We congratulate him all the more heartily because we know of the powerful, though ill-advised, political support which Rathbone was able to bring to bear against a gentleman, a soldier, and an honest man like Brig. Gen. Leonard Wood.

Physical Arguments.

They Never Settle Questions of Opinion or of Logic.

One of the incidents of St. Patrick's Day in New York was a spirited fight between an Irishman and another individual on the subject of the nationality of St. Patrick. The occurrence illustrates so well the effectiveness and picturesqueness of the argument by force that it is worth passing attention.

The idea of a certain class of people in this country, backed up by the historical novelists, is that when one person makes a statement which another person objects to, the two should properly resort to the ordeal by combat, on the theory that the winner will prove to be right in his view of the matter. There is a well-known Latin maxim to the effect that truth is mighty and will prevail, and the adherents of this theory of promulgating truth show a most touching faith in the accuracy of this Latin saying.

Such was the case with the Irishman who took part in the combat in question. He said that St. Patrick was an Irishman. The other man quietly said that he thought history taught that the saint was a Welshman. The Hibernian knocked the other man's hat off. There was a fight. When it was over the Irishman was dilapidated and unhappy. But the nativity of St. Patrick remains exactly what history decided it to be.

The ordeal by combat ought to be out of date by this time. It seems as if people might have learned to argue on abstract questions without resorting to fisticuffs or the personalities that provoke them. Suppose one man calls another a liar, and the other attacks him with blows, what does the outcome of the fight prove.

The beaten individual may be the liar or the truth-teller, but he is sure to be the one deficient in strength or science, or both. Moral questions are not settled by blows. They never have been and never will be so decided. It is time to recognize this obvious fact, in the Senate and elsewhere.

Free-Hand Comment.

Jupiter Pluvius reigns on Sundays. Also he rains.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain's skill as a diplomat is praised by the English. Thus the American girl justifies a training that begins when her dresses only reach to her knees.

The proverbial saying about the inability of women to keep secrets must be extended to include United States Senators, whose "executive sessions" are about as private as the lessons given by a trombone teacher.

When the mayor of Seattle was notified the other day that the grand jury had indicted him for malfeasance in office, he said that the grand jury might as well indict every man that voted for him. "I told them," he said, "how I would run the town, and I have done just as I promised." There is food for thought in this unusual defense.

Whitaker Wright is sure that his arrest is an outrage and that he can clear himself of the charges against him. Nevertheless, he will resist to the utmost every effort to take him back to England. Such apparent inconsistencies are very common.

We are glad to hear that Mason and Dixon's historic line—run about 140 years ago—has just been re-surveyed and re-marked under the direction of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Once known to every school boy, this famous boundary seems to have suffered a certain obscuration in popular memory. How else can one account for President Woodrow Wilson's singular discovery in his latest venture in American history that Maryland is one of the States north of Mason and Dixon's parallel?

The Talk of the Day.

Arthur R. Pennell is just now at a great disadvantage. The dead, like the absent, are always wrong.

We learn from Paris that women's hats are huger, sleeves fuller at the wrist, and skirts fuller.

It is now said that the great Micawber was a York man; one Richard Chicken, described in 1843 as a teacher of elocution, who was in the York office where Alfred Dickens, a brother of Charles, was employed. Chicken was in a constant state of financial stagnation. No pent up Utica or York contained Micawber's state. He was known to the early Egyptians, Solomon, the Moundbuilders, the founders of Culnon. He is as immortal as the Wandering Jew. Now he is masked as a promotor, now as an inventor. His pockets are stuffed with circulars; he suspects a gold mine in every vacant lot. He is always eloquent, generally cheerful; and, best of all, he is seldom a bore, although he is given to wasting your time.

We like to think of George R. Sims in a state of moral indignation, and we regret that we cannot see him in the act of writing about the Beautiful and the True. Here he is pitching into the newspapers for "flinging around" the Princess of Saxony a "halo of romance"—which to us is merely a nimble feat, like throwing a boomerang or a lasso, and shows the power of the Press. "Zola, with his naturalism, made for good. De Maupassant, with his romance, made for evil. The Princess of Saxony, as a modern press heroine, is as injurious to morality as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, as heroes, were in the old days to honesty. Already into a girl's Confession Book the royal adulteress has found her way as 'My favorite heroine in real life.'"

Mr. Sims' statement about Zola and De Maupassant admits argument. Would he seriously classify the latter as a romanticist? As for this bright-eyed girl with her favorite heroine, does Mr. Sims know her, or is she like the hypothetical sister who enters into so many arguments and discussions? If she exists, she suffers probably from a mistaken sense of humor.

Several murders committed lately in this country would have excited the attention of De Quincey. The Burdick case might have been alluded to in a foot note to the essay on murder as one of the fine arts, but the Siren of Neilly story would have inspired additional pages. Here is a band of cutthroats led by a fascinating woman of nineteen years, and at home in a grand house which contains a hospital and an operating table for the advantage of any who may be wounded by a gendarme or a miserable bourgeois.

IN WINTER.

The valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest;
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim autumn moon?

I look on the barren meadow;
Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden;
Is it true the rose was there?
And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look in my heart and marvel
If love were ever its own—
If the spring of promise brightened,
And the summer of passion shone.

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
And the root survives the blast?
Are the seeds of the future sleeping
Under the leaves of the past?

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE FIELD OF POLITICS---GOSSIP, VIEWS, AND INCIDENTS.

Men of New Hampshire Vote to Refuse the Ballot to Women—Governor Murphy, of Arizona, Vetoes Similar Measure—Powell Clayton Likely to Remain as Ambassador to Mexico—An Expert at Corralling the Southern Delegates.

Women Not to Vote.

By an overwhelming majority the men of New Hampshire have decided that the women of the Granite State shall not have the right of suffrage extended to them. Their action was taken upon a constitutional amendment making citizenship without regard to sex the qualification for voting, and the result is a severe blow to the pet hobby of a few matrimonially belated maidens who continually grieve over the fact that the conventions of society oblige them to wear petticoats instead of trousers.

At about the same time Governor Murphy, in his wisdom, regarding the sanctity of the home as ever greater than the purity of the ballot box when accomplished by such means, vetoed the female suffrage bill passed by a sentimental Arizona Legislature. In the East and in the West the suffrage cranks have met with crushing defeat.

Not only did New Hampshire deny suffrage to the women, but a perhaps more significant action may be found in the fact that she took the ballot away from the illiterate by adopting an amendment which requires that voters shall be able to read and write.

No longer should New Hampshire rail at Southern States which have adopted constitutions which preclude the illiterate of those States from participating in the elections, for the danger from illiteracy in the South is infinitely greater than in New England. It can scarce be contended that an educational qualification for voting which is good in the North is not equally good in the South.

Fond of His Berth.

From time to time there is a renewal of the talk that the Hon. Powell Clayton, our distinguished ambassador to Mexico, is to retire, but those who are well acquainted with the gentleman's tenacity for retaining a hold upon a good government job do not share the opinion that Mr. Clayton will surrender his commission and return home unless he is compelled to do so.

The prospects for even an enterprising Republican in Arkansas, from which State Mr. Clayton hails, are not such as would warrant him in transferring his residence from the City of Mexico to Little Rock. From a strictly financial standpoint the Mexican mission is about the best paying position in the diplomatic service. The salary is $17,000 in Uncle Sam's money, $1 of which is worth about $2 of the sort current in the land of Montezuma, and the demands upon the purse of the American representative are much less than upon the bank accounts of the ambassadors to the Court of St. James, to France, Italy, and the other European posts, which only a wealthy man can afford to accept.

Charges Against Ambassador.

A number of charges have been made against Ambassador Clayton; Senator Bailey has been active in an effort to have Mr. Clayton recalled, and Senator Penrose is also said to have advised that it would be well to have him come home, still he has been able to hold on. Mr. Clayton has held the rank of ambassador longer than any of the other ambassadors, and there are many who believe that he should not be allowed to retain it indefinitely, although there is neither rule or law which prescribes the term during which any man in the diplomatic service shall keep his office.

Mr. Clayton is said to be an expert at corralling the Southern delegates, and delivering their votes at a national convention, and if he were to be ordered home, he might be able to throw much influence against one or more candidates for the Presidential nomination; it would be quite improper for him to engage in the delegate business while holding a diplomatic position.

Mr. Bowen, whose success in settling the matter of the Venezuelan claims has brought him conspicuously before the public eye, is accredited with a desire to be raised to the rank of an ambassadorship, and to be watching the Mexican mission. There is a feeling in official circles that he should be advanced, and if there is any change made in the Mexican ambassadorship, it is not improbable that he will be the man sent to succeed Mr. Clayton.

Entertains Democratic Theories.

Of all the things which nobody thought would ever happen, one of the most surprising is the fact that up in New York they are accusing the Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, he of the fancy waistcoats, of recanting on Republican doctrine and indorsing Democratic theories. At least they assert that he is advocating the position assumed by the Democrats on the excise question.

The Hon. Tim delivered a speech recently before a Republican club in Manhattan. In it he said that during the ten years of Republican rule in the Empire State legislation had been enacted which was actually harmful to the cities, and that the benefit had been to the rural communities. This, he said, was particularly true in the matter of taxation. Most of the excise tax, all of the tax on trust companies, practically all of the tax on the surpluses of savings banks and insurance companies, the franchise tax, the collateral inheritance tax, and many others are borne almost exclusively by the citizens of the large cities.

It is pointed out by the astonished partisans of the former lieutenant governor that this identical point was made a short time before by Senator McCarren, the Democratic leader in Brooklyn, before the Democratic general committee. As none desires to accuse the fastidious Tim of plagiarism, they have accepted the alternative of believing that he has actually taken the Democratic side of a question which is just now being much discussed by politicians of New York.

Eyes on Woodruff.

Mr. Woodruff is not now in public office, but he is nevertheless an influential factor in the politics of the State, and there is much concern to see what the effect of the stand he has taken will be, and more especially upon the four Republican assemblymen and one Republican senator from Mr. Woodruff's own county of Kings, who will be called upon to vote upon Governor Odell's latest measure.

IN THE COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD.

The Superstitious French See What They Take as Indications That the Napoleonic Empire Will Never Be Revived—An Escapade of Princess Pauline Metternich Recalled by a Recent Fancy Dress Ball—The Kaiser's Doghead Seal.

No Revival of Empire.

The French are a superstitious people and see in the successive destruction of all those palaces more particularly identified with the Napoleonic regime an indication that there will never be any revival of the Napoleonic empire.

That the so-called Villa Eugenie at Biarritz, the favorite home of Napoleon III and his consort, should have fallen a prey to flames the other day on the very anniversary of their wedding fifty years previously, could not but fail to attract attention and comment. The villa, which had been converted into a hotel, but which bore in every corner the impress of the imperial regime, having been built according to designs drawn by Napoleon and by Eugenie in person, has thus shared the fate of that other favorite palace of the Emperor and Empress, namely, St. Cloud, the very ruins of which have now vanished from the suburbs of Paris, while nothing is left of the Tuileries, which was the Parisian residence of the imperial couple.

Fontainbleau, where the Napoleonic court was accustomed to spend a few weeks every year, is in a shocking state of repair, literally falling into ruins, and it is doubtful whether the present republican government and chamber will consent to devote the necessary funds for its restoration. Indeed, only Compiegne, where President Loubet entertained the Czar and Czarina of Russia, a couple of years ago, remains to commemorate the gay and brilliant reign of Napoleon III and of Empress Eugenie.

Barred From the Throne.

Victor, the Bonapartist pretender to the throne, is privately married to a third-rate actress, whose name I have already given in these letters, and by whom he has a family of children, a fact in itself sufficient to bar him from the French throne. His only brother, Prince Louis, a cavalry general in the Russian service, now stationed at Tiflis, shows no signs of wishing to marry, and having been unable to wed the object of his devotion, namely, Princess Nicholas of Greece, will probably live and die a bachelor.

After them there are none who are qualified by birth and descent to put forward any pretensions to the imperial throne of France, or even to the chieftainship of the house of Bonaparte with any prospect of success. For as I pointed out the other day in these letters Roland Bonaparte was according to French law born out of wedlock, his mother being a plumber's daughter, and his fortune derived from his part proprietorship of the great gambling establishment at Monte Carlo, acquired when he married one of the two daughters of the founder. He has no son, but only a daughter, now twenty-three years of age.

Besides these there are the American Bonapartes, that is to say the descendents of the first Napoleon's brother Jerome, King of Westphalia, and Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, who, however, are never likely to put forward any pretensions to the French throne, or to obtain any following among the French people. From this it will be seen that the Bonapartist cause seems like that of Carlism in Spain to be within sight of its extinction.

China's Anti-Foreign Sentiment.

With regard to the stories which are in circulation in well-informed quarters, indicating a likelihood of a revival of the anti-foreign troubles in China, it is related by one of the ladies present at the last reception given by the Empress Dowager to the wives of the foreign envoys, that while they were retiring, she and one of her companions were able, by a stratagem, to look round and to get a glimpse of the Empress. The latter's face, a moment before illuminated with the friendliest and most engaging of smiles, was seen to express the utmost loathing and disgust, well worthy in fact of the woman who is regarded by all those who know China, in spite of her professions to the contrary, as the bitterest foe of everything foreign in the Celestial Empire.

Princess Pauline Metternich's Escapade.

Echoes of the fancy dress ball at Gopsall, Lord Howe's country seat, at which most of the women prominent in the English great world appeared in masculine attire, Lady Howe taking the character of Joan of Arc, Mrs. George Cornwallis West that of a cavalier of the reign of King Charles II, and Lady Sarah Wilson as Prince Charles Stuart, the young pretender, are still drifting across the Atlantic and cropping up in various American newspapers.

They serve to recall how Princess Pauline Metternich on one occasion arrayed herself in masculine attire at Paris and rode around the entire city on the top of an omnibus without being recognized, the object of her trip being to obtain a view of the French capital such as she had never had before. For inasmuch as the roof of the omnibus is on the level with the "entresol" of the French houses, a ride on these cumbersome vehicles initiates a person to many of the mysteries of Parisian life which would otherwise remain to him or to her a sealed book.

The princess, it must be said, was exceedingly thin and angular at the time, and could very easily pass herself off as a somewhat dissipated looking young Frenchman of nineteen or twenty. But she was the Austrian ambassadress in those days at the court of the Tuileries, and in reflecting over this one of her innumerable amusing escapades and mischievous pranks at Paris I wonder what the newspapers in this coutnry would say if one of the ambassadresses of a great power at Washington were to don masculine attire for the purpose of seeing the sights of the National Capital?

The Kaiser's Seal.

Among the armorial bearings of the Kaiser is a dog's head, which likewise figures on the seal that he usually employs for sealing his personal letters. The origin of this dog's head is rather curious. True, it has been part and parcel of the heraldic devices of the house of Hohenzollern for centuries. But it was acquired in the first place through purchase in 1307 by the burgrave of Nurnberg, from whom the Hohenzollerns are descended.

In olden times it was by no means infrequent for nobles to either give away or to sell their heraldic devices, and among those who thus bartered away their birthright was a certain Knight von Regensberg, who on April 10, 1307, according to official records of the time still in existence, sold for "thirty-six marks of good silver," to the burgrave of Nurnberg, the dogs' head which constituted his crest, with the stipulation, however, that he and his uncles should be permitted to make use of the crest in question throughout the remainder of their lives.

The dog's head with great jeweled eyes figured on the helmets of the burgraves of Nurnberg, and of the Hohenzollerns in the days when steel armor and vizored helmets were still worn, and it is probable that the worthy Knight von Regensberg was of the opinion that so costly an heraldic emblem was better suited to the fat purse of the all-powerful burgrave of Nurnberg, than to his own meager resources.

Nowadays people possessed of armoral bearings and of heraldic devices have no longer any legal right to sell them as in times of old. They may, however, bequeath them, along with property, to heirs, and sometimes this is done in return for a pecuniary consideration which they received during their lifetime. That is the nearest approach that we get nowadays to the heads of a noble house disposing of their armorial bearings. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to apply to them for merchandise of this kind, since it can be obtained in return for cash from many of the European colleges of heraldry, through more or less authentic affiliations established by obliging genealogists between the purchaser and noble houses of ancient date.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Dr. William R. Brooks, director of Smith Observatory and professor of economy in Hobart College, has won the comet medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, for the discovery of his twenty-third comet.

King Edward daily shows increasing desire to rely upon men of mature years for his companions. Young men seem to be rather a trial to his rotund majesty, and it is rare that a courtier under thirty attains a position among his more intimate acquaintances. As a whole the Edwardian court is very little if any more youthful than was that of Victoria a dozen years ago.

Senator Hanna's high opinion of Justice Day, of the Supreme Court, was manifested during the latter's illness. When Mr. Day's ailment was at its worst, the first person to inquire about him in the morning and the last at night was the Senator from Ohio. The first flowers went to the patient's room from Senator Hanna, and Mrs. Day was constantly in receipt of little acts of sympathy from the man from Cleveland, who thinks her husband one of the greatest characters in the judiciary of the United States.

Ernest Logouve, oldest member of the French academy, has entered upon his ninety-seventh year, but is still well and hearty. This wonderful old man visits a fencing hall every morning at 10 o'clock and has a fast fifteen-minute bout with one of the instructors. He weighs hardly sixty pounds. His daughter, Mme. Desvallieres, is sixty-eight years old and is also ardently devoted to exercise, being easily able to swim the Seine twice without resting. M. Legouve says he has a triple wish—to be able until the last to hold his fork, his razor and his sword steadily in his hand.

THE BEST THINGS FROM OTHER NEWSPAPERS.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Passing of Ping-Pong.

Who will write the story of the brief career and the early death of the ping-pong fad? That fleeting fancy was soon over. There are changing fashions in the lighter sports, but the recreations and amusements which have stood the test of time and held the favor of successive generations are now more popular and more generally supported in this century than ever before.—New York Tribune.

Senator Quay Leads.

Senator Morgan's speech on the isthmian canal wasn't so long after all. It takes up but 96 pages in the "Congressional Record." Senator Quay has beaten that. His tariff speech in 1894 covered 124 pages, so that Pennsylvania is ahead, as usual.—Philadelphia Press.

An Estimate of Cleveland.

Not only the South and West, but North and East failed to perceive the unselfish patriotism, the fine integrity, the loyalty to truth, the devotion to high American ideals, which marked Mr. Cleveland's public services as President. Time works many changes, but seldom has it wrought a greater one than that which has changed misunderstanding to understanding, injustice to justice, in respect of Grover Cleveland, whose "clear grained human worth and brave old wisdom of sincerity," indomitable will, courage, and loyalty to principle are now so commonly recognized, even by hosts of his former political enemies.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Irony Not Intended.

United States Consul Cunningham, at Aden, Arabia, complained that the post was too hot for him, and he has been transferred to Bergen, Norway. The State Department says it did not intend to be ironical when it transferred Consul Cunningham from a Turkish bath to a packing-house refrigerator, as it were, but that it gave him the first vacant place of equal rank. If the State Department was ever known to joke, this explanation might be questioned.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BITS OF MISCELLANY.

The New American Grain.

A new grain, known as corn-wheat, is being grown in eastern Washington. It has the nature of both corn and wheat, possessing the fattening qualities of corn and the corn flavor. In appearance it resembles wheat. Its grains are twice as large as those of ordinary wheat. It yields sixty to one hundred bushels an acre, and seems to solve the problem of fattening hogs in the Pacific Northwest, as corn is not successfully raised in that country.—Philadelphia Press.

A Pretense of Secrecy.

Senators Spooner and Depew made elaborate speeches on the canal treaty Saturday, the Senate being all the while in executive session. Next morning the newspapers printed as full reports of the speeches as they would have done had the Senate been in public session. And so it goes, day after day. Notoriously the secrecy of the Senate is as much of a pretense as the courtesy of the Senate. Yet every little while Senators haggle over the question of removing the "seal of secrecy" in favor of some speech made in executive session.—Chicago Chronicle.

Frank Stockton's Secret.

Many persons of good discernment believe that Frank Stockton was a keeper of secrets because he never explained the lady or the tiger controversy. Perhaps they forgot that if he had explained it all interest in the book would have been lost. It is the business of the author to cause talk about himself and his work, I believe. A pound of talk is worth a good part of an edition. Numerous authors of today are making money by advertising themselves in all sorts of freakish ways. The stuff they reel out is the veriest trash and flapdoodle, but an interest being created in their individuality—or the lack of it—the books sell. Stockton's way of arousing curiosity was legitimate and honorable. He wrote the story for a purpose and achieved it. It was finished where he left off.—Chicago Tribune.

SHAFTS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

Under Way.

Ascum—How are the plans for your new house coming along?

Subbubs—Splendidly. My wife has finally laid out all the closets she wants and now all the architect's got to do is to build the house around them.—Philadelphia Press.

Reason for It.

Nell—A girl seldom marries her ideal, does she?

Belle—No; some other fellow generally comes along with a lot of money.—Philadelphia Record.

A Married Man's Musings.

Courtship is poetry; marriage, first year, blank verse; after that, prose.

After a while every married man comes to be a firm believer in mind reading.

Along about this time the new leaves we turned over recently begin to fly back.

Where there's a will there's a way to break it—unless it's a woman's will.

It was said of a certain great man that he could be silent in seven languages. It is rarely that a woman performs one-seventh of this feat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Follicules.

Our yesterdays, like Indians, are good because they are dead.

They buried our friend with a cigar in his mouth, knowing that he would find a light.

Is it not characteristic that men pray silently, but curse aloud?

A man rather likes a cat for having ways like a woman's, and rather dislikes a woman for having ways like a cat's.

"I misread my invitation," complained the Modern Man. "Only this morning did I make ready for the house party given by Happiness to which I was asked. Then, when I looked at the card once more—received fourteen days ago—I found that my presence was desired last week at this time."

World, when you have succeeded in setting your foot on my neck, break the neck, as a favor.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.